

Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.

All. Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo.

Sicin. Go see him out at Gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite
Give him deseru'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend vs through the City.

All. Come, come, lets see him out at gates, come:
The Gods preferue our Noble Tribunes, come. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

*Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius,
with the young Nobility of Rome.*

Corio. Come leaue your teares: a brief farwel: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd
To say, Extremities was the trier of spirits,
That common chances. Common men could beare,
That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike
Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blowes,
When most strooke home, being gentle wounded, craues
A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me
With Precepts that would make invincible
The heart that connd't her.

Virg. Oh heauens! O heauens!

Corio. Nay, I prythee woman.

Vol. Now the Red Pestilence strike al Trades in Rome,
And Occupations perish.

Corio. What, what, what:

I shall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had bene the Wife of Hercules,
Six of his Labours you'd haue done, and sau'd
Your Husband so much sweeter. *Cominius,*
Doope not, Adieu: farewell my Wife, my Mother,
He do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius,*
Thy teares are saltier then a yonger mans,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) Generall,
I haue seene the Sterne, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to waile ineuitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well
My hazards still haue bene your solace, and
Beleeu't not lightly, though I go alone
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then seene: your Sonne
Will or exceed the Common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Volum. My first sonne,

Whether will thou go? Take good *Cominius*
With thee awhile: Determine on some course
More then a wilde exposture, to each chance
That start's i'th way before thee.

Corio. O the Gods!

Com. He follow thee a Moneth, deuise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may't heare of vs,
And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy Repeale, we shall not send
O're the vast world, to secke a single man,
A loose aduantage, which doth euer coole
And force of the needer.

Corio. Fare ye well:

Thou hast yea, yes vpon thee, and thou art too full

Of the warres surfets, to go roue with one
That's yet vnbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come my sweet wife, my dearest Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:
While I remaine about the ground, you shall
Heare from me still, and neuer of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

Menen. That's worthily

As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe,
If I could shake off but one seuen yeeres
From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods
I'd with thee, euery foot.

Corio. Give me thy hand, come.

*Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus,
with the Edile.* *Exeunt.*

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: & wee'l no further
The Nobility are vexed, whom we see haue sided
In his behalfe.

Brut. Now we haue shewne our power,
Let vs seeme humbler after it is done,
Then when it was a dooing.

Sicin. Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone,
And they, stand in their ancient strength.

Brut. Dismiss them home. Here comes his Mother.
Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.

Brut. Why?

Sicin. They say she's mad.

Brut. They haue tane note of vs: keepe on your way.
Volum. Oh y'are well met:

Th'boorded plague a'th' Gods requit your loue.

Menen. Peace, peace, be not so loud.

Volum. If that I could for weeping, you should heare,
Nay, and you shall heare some. Will you be gone?

Virg. You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my Husband.

Sicin. Are you mankinde?

Volum. I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foole,
Was not a man my Father? Had't thou Foxship
To banish him that strooke more blowes for Rome
Then thou hast spoken words.

Sicin. Oh blessed Heauens!

Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then euer y' wife words.
And for Rome's good, He tell thee what: yet goe:
Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.

Sicin. What then?

Virg. What then? Hee'd make an end of thy posterity
Volum. Bastards, and all.

Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!

Menen. Come, come, peace.

Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not vnknit himselfe

The Noble knot he made.

Brut. I would he had.

Volum. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rable.
Cats, that can iudge as fely of his worth,
As I can of those Mysteries which heauen
Will not haue eath to know.

Brut. Pray let's go.

Volum. Now pray sir get you gone.
You haue done a braue deede: Ere you go, heare this:
As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede
The meanest house in Rome; so farre my Sonne

This

This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you see)
Whom you haue banish'd, does exceed you all.

Brut. Well, well, wee'l leaue you.

Sicin. Why stay we to be baited

With one that wants her Wits. *Exit Tribunes.*

Volum. Take my Prayers with you.

I would the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirme my Curses. Could I meete 'em
But once a day, it would vnlogge my heart
Of what lyes heavy too't.

Menen. You haue told them home,

And by my troth you haue cause: you'l Sup with me.

Volum. Angers my Meate: I suppe vpon my selfe,

And so shall sterue with Feeding: Come, let's go,

Leaue this faint-puling, and lament as I do,

In Anger, like-like: Come, come, come.

Menen. Fie, fie, fie.

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well sir, and you know mee: your
name I thinke is *Adrian.*

Volce. It is so sir, truly I haue forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are,
against 'em. Know you me yet?

Volce. *Nicanor*: no.

Rom. The same sir.

Volce. You had more Beard when I last saw you, but
your Faouour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's
the Newes in Rome: I haue a Note from the Volcean
state to finde you out there. You haue well sau'd mee a
dayes iourney.

Rom. There hath bene in Rome strange Insurrections:
The people, against the Senatours, Patricians, and
Nobles.

Vol. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not
so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to com
upon them, in the heate of their diuision

Rom. The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing
would make it flame againe. For the Nobles recyue so
to heart, the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that
they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take al power from the peo
ple, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for euer.
This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for
the violent breaking out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* Banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence *Ni
canor.*

Rom. The day serues well for them now. I haue heard
it said, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when
she's faine out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus*
Aufidius well appeare well in these Warres, his great
Opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his coun
tre.

Volce. He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus
accidentally to encounter you. You haue ended my Bu
sinesse, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall betwene this and Supper, tell you most
strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of
their Adversaries. Haue you an Army ready say you?

Vol. A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their
charges distingly billeted already in th'entertainment,
and to be on foot at an houres warning.

Rom. I am ioyfull to heare of their readinesse, and am
the man I thinke, that shall set them in present Action. So
sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company.

Volce. You take my part from me sir, I haue the most

cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let vs go

Enter Coriolanus

Corio. A goodly City

'Tis I that made thy Wid

Of these faire Edifices for

Haue I heard groane, and

Least that thy Wiues wit

In puny Battell slay me.

Enter

Cit. And you.

Corio. Direct me, if it

fidius lies: Is he in *Antim*

Cit. He is, and Feasts

house this night.

Corio. Which is his h

Cit. This heere before

Corio. Thanke you sir

Oh World, thy slippery

Whose double boiomes

Whose Houres, whose Bo

Are fill together: who T

Vnseparable, shall withi

On a dissention of a Doit,

To bitterest Enmity: So

Whose Passions, and whe

To take the one the other

Some tricke not worth an

And inter-joyne their yf

My Birth-place haue I, a

This Enemy Towne: He

He does faire Iustice: if

He do his Country Serui

Musicke plays.

1 Ser. Wine, Wine, W

thinke our Fellowes are

Enter anot

2 Ser. Where's *Cotus*

Enter

Corio. A goodly Hou

The Feast smells well: bu

Enter the

1 Ser. What would y

Here's no place for you:

Corio. I haue deseru'd

ing *Coriolanus*.

2 Ser. Whence are you

his head, that he giues en

Pray get you out.

Corio. Away.

2 Ser. Away? Get yo

Corio. Now th'art tro

2 Ser. Are you so bra

Enter 3 Seruings

3 What Fellowes thi

1 A strange one as eu

out o'th house: Prythee

3 What haue you to

the house.

Corio. Let me but sta

3 What are you?

Corio. A Gentleman

3 A marvellous poor

Corio. True, so I am.

3 Pray you poore G